

# The Mirror

OF

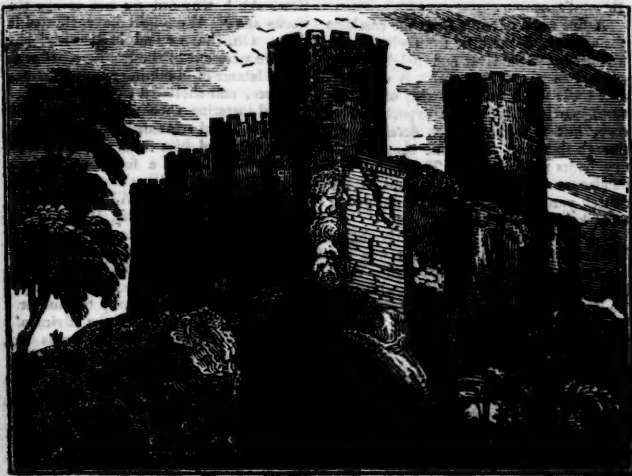
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. CLXX.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1825.

[PRICE 2d.]

## Conway Castle.



THIS magnificent castle, situated on the south-east angle of the town of Aberconway, in the county of Caernarvon, stands on a steep rock, whose base is at high water washed by the river Conway, which is here about the breadth of the Thames at Deptford. Its general figure is irregular, being composed of a square, to which on its west side is joined a pentagon, each of three figures, forming a court. It was defended by eight large round towers, flanking the sides and ends. From these towers, towards the inside, issued slender circular turrets, rising much above them, constructed for the purpose of commanding an extensive prospect over the adjacent country; towards the land side it was surrounded by a moat. This castle was built by King Edward, in the year 1284, on the spot which had formerly been fortified by Hugh Earl of Chester, in the time of William the Conqueror. The walls, which are embattled, are from 12 to 15 feet thick, and quite entire, except one tower on the south side, whose lower part has fallen, owing as is said to the rock wherein it stood giving way.

The common entrance is on the south.

east side, near the east end, by a steep and winding path; the passage is now almost choked up by the fragments and ruins of the inner walls. There was also another entrance on the north side, near the west end; both these entrances were covered by an advanced work, protected by small round towers, beyond which, at the west end, was the moat, crossed by means of a drawbridge. There was a large well in the inner court, now almost filled up with rubbish. On the south side, the remains of the great hall are still to be seen—it is 130 feet in length, 32 broad, and 30 high; the walls and window-cases entire; the roof, which is destroyed, was supported by nine arches of stone—these are still remaining. On the east side, in one of the towers, is shewn a small room called *The King's Chamber*, in which is a Gothic niche finely carved. This is the only part of the castle that appears to have been ornamented. Hither King Richard II. fled, on his arrival from Ireland in the year 1399; and here he argued with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Earl of Northumberland, to surrender his crown to the Duke of Lancaster, afterwards King Henry IV. This laid the

first foundation for those wars between the Houses of York and Lancaster, which so long deluged England with blood. It was repaired and fortified for King Charles I. during the civil war. This castle gave the titles of Barons, Viscount, and Earl to the family of Conway. It now gives that of Baron to the descendants of Sir Edward Seymour.

A fine wood extends from the castle to the summit of the hill, from whence the prospect over the river and neighbouring country is very delightful. A considerable trade was formerly carried on in this town, particularly in the exportation of corn, but it is now much decayed, although there are still some considerable merchants residing in it. The church is a handsome Gothic structure, and in the church-yard is a stone with the following remarkable inscription:—

“Here lieth the body of Nicholas Hooker, of Conway, Gent. who was the one-and-fortieth child of his father William Hooker, Esq. by Alice his wife, and the father of seven-and-twenty children. He died the Twentieth day of March, 1637.”

Here was anciently a Monastery for Monks of the Cistercian order; but the whole of the building has been long since demolished. The government of the town is vested in two Bailiffs, assisted by a Common Council of the principal inhabitants.

### THE FALL OF ROBESPIERRE.

From *Les Parvenus, ou les Aventures de Julien Delmou, écrites par lui même: par Mde. de Genlis.*

It was on the ninth *Thermidor*\* of the second Republican year, that is to say, the 27th July 1794, that I awoke a little after the dawn of day with a sudden start, a kind of convulsion which I had constantly had for two or three weeks, on rousing myself from a most painful sleep.

I dressed myself, and went to the house of my friend Durand; he had risen, and was alone in his study, but instead of writing at his bureau as he was accustomed to do, he was pacing up and down the room with rapid strides—his extreme agitation struck me—I questioned him—he answered nothing. He advanced towards the window, opened it, and leaned with a dejected and sorrowful air on the rails of the balcony. He saw upon the top of a neighbouring house two men engaged in new roofing and repairing the

decayed and sunken roof; “Ah!” said he, “how I envy the lot of those poor fellows there. If anything displeases or threatens them in the place they inhabit, nothing detains them, they can depart without delay. Happy, thrice happy are those who at this present moment have no wealth—no fortune—no property—no ties. Ah! why did we not escape six weeks ago? We might have effected it then. Oh, that we had been wise! oh, that we were out of the frontiers, reduced to the labour of obtaining our own living, but free, and sheltered from these dreadful and intestine shocks!” During this discourse I had remained motionless, and I now regarded him with an inexpressible emotion. After a few moments’ silence, I said, “What’s the matter? What has happened? What fear you?” “Alas! Julian,” cried he, “our fate is cast. If the monster does not perish this morning, we are all annihilated. How say you? My mind mingles me—the wretch will triumph—we shall be stripped of everything; given up to plunder. Oh! why did I not follow the advice of my wife.” In saying these words he sank into an arm chair, and covered his face with his hands. “For Heaven’s sake,” replied I, with a vivacity mingled in spite of myself with bluntness, “cease your useless complaints, which are only tolerable in the mouths of women. What’s all this?” Durand was exceedingly hurt

at this answer, and was on the point of signifying it to me, when a mournful and terrible sound struck our ears—it was the tocsin, ‘larum of woe! We remained petrified with horror; we thought our last hour was sounding; we gave ourselves up for lost. In an instant the door of the study burst open, and Sophia Durand rushed in bathed in tears, folding her two lovely children in her arms. “Ah, my dear husband!” cried she, “you would not listen to me; it is all over with us; we are undone; Robespierre carries all before him.” “Whence this intelligence?” “I have heard it all—see, yonder the servant is returned.

The Municipality arms for Robespierre, and the whole city is in a tumult.” At these words Durand precipitately opened a chest, snatched out a casket, spoke to his wife in an under tone, covered it with his mantle, and hurried out of the room.

I guessed he was gone to hide his money and papers, which in fact was the case. “Oh, unfortunate riches!” said Sophia, transported with grief; “cursed wealth, of which he hoped to become the guardian and preserver, you will only serve to-day but to make our ruin inevitable. Oh! that we had been born in

\* *Thermidor*, a name given to one of the months, signifying the “hot month.”

humble life; would that we had remained in mediocrity." "In the name of Heaven," interrupted I, "Sophia, I conjure you, answer me: Is Robespierre denounced?"—"He is, and your friend Le Dru is one in the plot." "Where make they the attack?"—"At the Convention."—"Tis enough." At these words I sprang towards the door, flew to my chamber, seized a poignard from my walking-stick which I had purposely hidden there, thrust it under my waistcoat, snatched my hat and hastened out of the house. I saw, in fact a terrible commotion in the street, and numerous groups apparently in great animation; but decided upon joining Le Dru, and resolved to share his fate, be it what it might, I stopped at nothing, I heard nothing. My heart sickened in passing the *Greece*,\* which was completely covered with armed men, who ever and anon shouted out, "Long live Robespierre! Robespierre for ever! Huzza!"†

I arrived at the Convention quite out of breath; I had the utmost difficulty in the world to penetrate into it; at last I succeeded, and forced my way through the crowd; I sought Le Dru with the greatest eagerness; I perceived him; I sprang to his side; he beheld me with astonishment; he pressed my hand, and I said to him in a low tone, "We part no more!" At this moment Robespierre, arraigned and accused, was at the tribunal: the paleness of his countenance was more livid than ever; his languishing eye-balls were swimming in blood;‡ his ignoble physiognomy betraying, instead of insolence nothing but horror and vacuity, while everything appeared to announce to me that his frightful reign was drawing near to an end. In fact a confused noise was heard all around us, and afterwards repeated shouts of "Down with the tyrant; down with him." With what ardour did I not join in these heart-stirring liberating sounds. Robespierre, as cowardly as he was before arrogant and barbarous, suddenly assumed the character and countenance of a suppliant; he descended from the tribunal to the bar, where soon were ordered alongside of him Saint Just, Couthon, Lebas, and Robespierre the younger.§ However, the *larum* of woe still sounded; a report was brought that Henriot, commander of

the National Guard, and bribed by Robespierre, was marching at the head of the satellites of the Municipality, in order to attack the Convention.¶ In any signal political crisis, public interest may in an instant transform into liberators degenerate and contemptible creatures. The most guilty Jacobins, who at this moment dared to attack the usurper, were all of them courageous defenders of their country and of the rights of humanity; and the Convention, degraded as it was by so many shocking crimes, in declaring itself thus against the common enemy, became a respectable senate, which one ought to protect at the peril of his life.

§ Facts.

(To be concluded in our next.)

#### LINES.

WHEN from this chequer'd world my spirit doth depart,  
And I have ceased to feel delight or woe—  
And Death's chill breath shall freeze the current  
Of mine heart,

Which gaily now with purest love doth flow,  
No monument or churchyard epitaph I crave—  
(The which is oft more pompous than sincere);  
But only wish that one I love may seek my grave,  
And on my lifeless clay bestow a tear!

L. P. C.

#### A FRAGMENT.

WHEN the sun rises bright in the East,  
In its brightness no pleasure I see;  
As the chawns of the day are increased,  
I sigh, but in vain, to be free.

When the flowers are blooming in spring  
No pleasure they promise for me;  
As the bird flutters by on its wing  
I languish in vain to be free.

How sweet is the evening gale,  
As lightly it strays o'er the sea;  
But sweeter by far 'twould prevail  
Were I as its wild zephyrs, free.

Come Winter! congenial gloom!  
Thou sultest best with the grief of my heart—  
As cold as it were in the tomb  
To the pleasures which Nature impart.

For the beauties of summer nor spring  
No joy e'er affordeth for me;  
As the bird flutters by on its wing  
I may sigh, but in vain, to be free.

S. W. K.

#### ON THE LATE ARCTIC EXPEDITION.

(For the Mirror.)

GREAT BRITAIN has long taken the lead of all other nations in voyages by sea, whether for the sake of conquest, discovery, or more weighty reasons. In our own time and generation we see no relaxation

\* The place of public execution at Paris, similar to our Tyburn.

† A fact. These men were sent by the members of the Communs at Paris, who were of Robespierre's party.

‡ The whites of his eyes for several months had become the colour of blood.

§ Facts

in the ardour for such expeditions; nay, it is rather augmented than diminished. It will certainly be difficult for modern navigators to surpass the first introducer of tobacco, the great, but cruelly used, Raleigh; or Drake, who enriched his country by the plunder of the Spanish galleons; nor is it likely that the fame of the thrice globe-traversing Cook will soon have a successful rival. But these and many others may be considered on the whole as very fortunate voyagers, the immense expenditure of labour and money being repaid tenfold by their ultimate success.

Could consummate talent, unwearied fatigue, with an adequate command of money to supply all things comfortable, indeed absolutely necessary for an hyperborean voyage, have insured success, Captain Parry and his followers would not have returned unrewarded from the *ultima thule*. Never had any expedition such simultaneous comrades as this; here were no bickerings, no mutinies, which poor Columbus had to distract him when almost at the haven of his wishes. Captain Parry and the other officers of the expedition took every precaution to prevent such unpleasant occurrences. Who is ignorant of that excellent expedient to banish *ennui* and its often dangerous results, viz. the publication of a daily paper? of the nightly amusements, consisting of theatrical entertainments, masquerades, &c. But, alas! human skill and almost superhuman toil have not yet given, even the most sanguine, more than a passing hope that the main end of all these exertions, that great desideratum, the North West passage, will ever be made, though its existence seems more than probable. These cold-enduring mariners have in some former voyages received the minor reward of discovering many before unknown varieties of animals, &c. which impartial nature loves to place in frozen climes, as well as in those which are more genial. But we are told that this voyage has proved less successful in this way. This leads us to fear that Salmon was but too correct in the opinion which he has given us (in his "Modern History," written a hundred years back) concerning this grand geographical problem, where, after discussing an hyperborean voyage which had taken place, declares he firmly believes the discovery of this North West passage was next to an impossibility. Whether Capt. Parry has determined on another voyage is not yet made public; most likely he will again make an attempt, which seems peculiarly fitted to his undaunted mind; but we fear, though loth to express such

a fear, that he must be content with the laurels already gathered in the polar regions, nor hope to obtain that which seems fated to be classed with those impossibilities, if not impossibilities, the philosopher's stone, elixir of life, and quadrature of the circle—a North West passage.

GULIELMUS OF KENSINGTON.

## THE HISTORY OF MUSIC.

(Concluded from page 164.)

*Dramatic Music.*—*Madrigals.*—*Introduction of the Italian Opera.*—*Purcell.*—*Handel.*—*Oratorios.*—*Music in England in the last and present century.*

THE annals of modern music furnish no event so important to the progress of the art as the invention of recitative music, which gave to the lyric drama a peculiar language and construction. The Orfeo of Politian the first attempt at musical drama, which was afterwards perfected by Metastasio. This species of composition originated with some persons of taste and letters in Tuscany, who being dissatisfied with every former attempt at perfecting dramatic poetry and exhibitions, determined to unite the best lyric poet with the best musician of their time. Three Florentine noblemen, therefore, Giovanni Bardi, Count of Vernio, Pietro Strad, and Jacobo Corsi, all enlightened lovers of the fine arts, selected Ottavio Rinuccini, and Jacobo Peri, their countrymen, to write and set to music the drama of *Dafne*, which was performed in the house of Signor Corsi, in 1597, with great applause; and this seems the true era, whence we may date the opera or drama, *wholly set to music*, and in which the dialogue was neither sung in measure, nor declaimed without music, but recited in simple musical notes, which amounted not to singing, and yet was different from the usual mode of speaking. After this successful experiment, Rinuccini wrote *Eurydice* and *Arianna*, two other similar dramas.

In the same year Emilio del Cavaliere composed the music to an opera called *Ariadne*, at Rome; and the friends of this composer and of Peri respectively lay claim to the honour of the invention of *recitative*, for each of these artists. The *Euridice* of Peri was, however, the first piece of the kind performed in public; its representation took place at the theatre, Florence, in 1600, on the occasion of the marriage of Henry IV. of France, with Mary de Medicis; and Pietro della Velle, a Roman knight and

amateur musician, who, in 1640, published an able historical disquisition on the science, expressly says, the first dramatic action (of the secular drama) ever represented at Rome, was performed at the Carnival of 1606, on his "CART, or movable stage;" when "five voices or five instruments, the exact number that an ambulant cart would contain, were employed." Thus it seems, the first secular drama in modern Rome, like the first tragedy in ancient Greece, was exhibited in a cart.

Simple madrigals, for chamber music, have been claimed as the invention of James Arcadelt, chapel-master to the cardinal of Lorraine, who published five books of this species of composition, in 1572; but they appear to have been in use at the commencement of the century. This style, which was much cultivated in the 17th century, is now disused.

The 17th century, to the music of which we have slightly alluded, gave birth to the famous Purcell, who is the glory of England, as a composer; and whose works are still highly prized, notwithstanding the changes which have taken place in musical taste. In this century, harmony and counterpoint underwent a great change, by the abolition of the ancient modes, for ancient musicians looked upon all harmony as allowable, which was exempt from a succession of fifths and octaves; and thus a number of bad combinations were frequently made, such as the sixth and third, &c. and the gradual adoption of the two in use at the present day, the major and the minor mode.

Chamber and dramatic music were much cultivated, and underwent great improvements in this century. In the former accompanied madrigals and cantatas were introduced; and in the latter the talents of Scarlatti were successfully employed, in making the melody conformable to the expression of the words; and he was followed by a host of composers, who in the department of dramatic music have left little to be wished for. The first public theatre opened in Rome was in 1671; and in 1677 the opera was established in Venice. In 1680, at Padua, the opera of *Berenice* was performed, in a style which makes all the processions and stage paraphernalia of modern times shrink into insignificance.

In England, public concerts were introduced by Baltzar, master of the king's band, and to Sir William Davenant, we are indebted for introducing dramatic music about the year 1656, when a piece called *The Cruelty of the Spaniards in Peru*, was represented, by "vocal and

instrumental music, and by act of perspective in scenes." These scenes and decorations, according to Downes, were the first that were introduced on a public stage in England. Though this appears to have been the first opera which was performed, as early as 1617, the *stilo recitativo* is mentioned by Ben Jonson, as a recent innovation from Italy; and from that time it was used in masques, occasionally in plays, and in cantatas.

Several musical writers flourished in England towards the close of the 17th century, particularly Purcell, whose tutor, Dr. Blow, directed, that amongst his best titles to immortality there should be inscribed on his own tomb, "Master to the famous Henry Purcell."

Purcell's music is truly English in the matter, though in the manner he has imitated Palestrina, Carissimi, and Stradella. These masters he imitated, according to his own account, because he was satisfied that "the system of harmony and melody which they had reduced to practice, was founded on just principles." His superior genius can only be duly estimated by those who make themselves acquainted with the state of our music previous to his time; compared with which, his productions for the church, if not more learned, will be found more varied and expressive; and his secular compositions will seem to have descended from a region with which neither his predecessors nor contemporaries had any communication. His melodies are so easy, as to induce a belief, that the singers possessed considerable power of execution; but the fact was far otherwise. It was not till the introduction of the Italian opera amongst us, that the capacity of the vocal organ was understood, and Purcell, therefore, had to struggle against formidable impediments. In many instances he has surpassed Handel in the expression of English words and national feeling, and his success as a musician may fairly be summed up in a single sentence. — "His beauties in composition were entirely his own; whilst his occasional barbarisms may be considered as unavoidable compliances with the barbarous taste of the age in which he lived."

During the 17th century whatever attempts were made to naturalize the opera in this country, the language was always English; however, about the end of the century, Italian singing began to be encouraged; the first opera performed wholly after the Italian manner is recitative for the dialogue or narrative parts, and measured melody for the airs, was *Arsina*, queen of Cyprus, in 1705. It

was written by Stanzani, of Bologna, and the English version, set to music by Thomas Clayton, one of the royal band, in the reign of William and Mary, was then presented. The translation was bad, and the music execrable; yet this drama was performed twenty-four times in the first, and eleven in the second year. Mr. Addison's opera of *Rosamond* followed: it was set to music by Clayton, who was but a very indifferent composer.

The arrival of Handel in 1710, forms an era in the history of English music; and in the same year, the *Academy of Ancient Music* was established at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, in the Strand, by Dr. Pepusch, and a number of other gentlemen, where the best compositions were performed. In 1714, Geminiani came to England, and his presence did much for music, already greatly improved by the wonderful productions of Handel; and in a few years "music quitted that tranquil and unimpassioned state in which it was left by Corelli; it was no longer regarded as a mere soother of affliction, or incitement to hilarity; it would now paint the passions in all their various attitudes; and those tones which said nothing intelligible to the heart, began to be thought as insipid as those of sounding brass or tinkling cymbals."

About 1715, concerts became favourite species of recreation at our fashionable watering places; and they have since multiplied both in town and country, so that scarcely a town of any note is now without its periodical concerts, where, frequently, the best singers and instrumentalists are heard; and the repetition of which gives the inhabitants of the provinces a taste for good music, which must tend materially to promote the cultivation of the science.

Handel has the honour of having introduced to the English public a species of musical composition comprising more of the stupendous and commanding powers of the art, than had ever been witnessed in this kingdom. The sacred drama, or oratorio of "Esther," which was set by that great man, in 1720, expressly for the use of the chapel of the Duke of Chandos, at Cannons, was the first production of the kind performed in this country. It was wonderfully effective; and on its subsequent representation at the Opera House, it was received with great applause by a very numerous audience. It was represented frequently at subsequent periods; and in May, 1732, it was performed at the King's Theatre for ten nights (when Handel first introduced concertos on the organ, a species of music wholly of his own invention),

and without action, in the same manner as oratorios have ever since been performed in this country. In 1776, the *Concert of Ancient Music* was established in London, chiefly at the suggestion of the Earl of Sandwich—an institution intended to preserve the solid and valuable productions of the old masters from oblivion, and of which Mr. Joah Bates was for many years the sole conductor. These concerts are still continued, and are now conducted by Mr. Greateorex, assisted by a Board of Directors, of which his Grace the Archbishop of York is one of the most active and efficient members. In 1784, the first commemoration of Handel took place; and in 1787, the *Glee Club* now held at the Crown and Anchor Tavern was established. The *Vocal Concerts* of Messrs. Harrison and Knyvett, and those of Mr. Salamon, where Haydn presided, and Madame Mara was the principal vocalist, were the precursors to the introduction of a species of music which has almost superseded that of our English composers. In the year 1813, the *Philharmonic Concerts* were established in London, with a view chiefly to the cultivation of instrumental music. These Concerts are still continued, and embrace nearly all the eminent professors in the metropolis. The works of Beethoven, Mozart, Haydn, Rossini, Cimarosa, Cherubini, &c. are now more familiar to our ears than those of Purcell, Boyce, Arne, Shield, Callcott, Webbe, or Bishop; the establishment of the *Royal Academy of Music*, however, which took place in 1822, by forming a NATIONAL SCHOOL, will, it is to be hoped, enable us to render England as distinguished for its musical productions as it is already celebrated for its superiority in almost every other branch of science or the arts.

Here we close our History of Music, which might have been much extended, but it will be found sufficient to trace the progress of the science. Great changes have taken place in singing as well as in instrumental compositions within the last century. Madame Mara had introduced a pure and elevated tone; Mrs. Billington, Braham, and Catalani have, however, succeeded in producing a taste for a florid style, with a redundancy of ornament and graces, in which the execution of the singer must be wonderful, but in which simple melody and harmonious expression are little considered. Yet, though "fashion," which "in everything holds sway," has created either a real or affected penchant for the voluptuous compositions of the Italian school—the HEART is still true to NATURE and to FEELING; and such simple and pathetic airs as Braham's



Kelvin Grove, Auld Robin Gray from the lips of a Stephens, or of *What though I trace* from those of a Travis, will leave a more lasting impression than the most astonishing exertion of vocal ability from professors of the highest rank in the school of art. This however we must allow, that the talents of a Catalani are to us as delightful as they are surprising.

#### SUNDAY AT BOULOGNE.—BAITING OF ANIMALS.

(To the Editor of the Mirror.)

SIR,—In No. CLVI. of the MIRROR, I observed some remarks of your correspondent, A. B. C. on "A Sunday at Boulogne," in which he laments customs which can never fail of attracting the notice of every Englishman; but if your correspondent is (and that with good reason) shocked at the theatre being open, &c. how much more must his disgust be excited, when I tell him that this people not content with the imitations of horrors, must see them in reality. In the latter part of the summer they go to church at one o'clock for the second time, and come out at two or half-past, when the greater part of them repair immediately to the *chateau* on the ramparts, there to witness "*Les Grands Combats d'Animaux*," (which are only to be seen on a Sunday), and consequently a great number resort thither. I saw on the Saturday before one of these "combats," a bill of fare stuck upon the wall, in which was a list of at least forty poor beasts, who were condemned to be tortured for the amusement of the public, (and as a sacrifice I suppose *Ad Majorem Dei Gloriam* as *Messieurs les Cures* were always constant visitors, and *incoq.* principal directors of them) in which list I saw there was a wolf and a donkey which were to be the principal combatants, though to be sure there were numerous horses and dogs, which were paired, bears and wolves, &c. &c. in great numbers, the prices were fixed at "*Un franc aux Premiers*," and "*Dis sous ana secondes*."

At one o'clock even, the crowd was so great that the military (as usual) were brought out to keep back those, "whose spirits were willing, but whose pockets were light," from having a sight, and those most wise people of this most polished country of France actually stood there *five hours*—i. e. till the baiting was over, to hear what they could, as there was a full military band playing all the while to inspire the combatants. After the battles were done, the spectators rushed out, and those who had most money left, ran to the theatre, those who

had least were to content themselves with the "Tivoli," and those who had none with sorrowful faces walked home.

"SPECULI ADMIRATOR."

#### FRENCH REFINEMENT.

##### FIGHTS OF ANIMALS.

OUR neighbours in France occasionally rate us, and not wholly without reason, for our passion for animal combats; but, in reality, these things take place as frequently at their side of the Channel as ours. We shall translate one out of five hundred bills of this description, and leave it to our readers to decide between the polished Parisians and the unpolished men of the Fives Court:—

##### "BARRIER DU COMBAT ANCIEN CHEMIN DE PANTIN.

"The *Sieur Gerot*, successor to the *Sieur Mourou*, proprietor of the establishment hitherto known under the denomination of the *Combat des Animaux*, has the honour of informing the public, that his exercises will take place every Sunday and holiday.—To please the public, to promise little, to keep what is promised, and to surprise agreeably.

"To-morrow, Sunday, the 8th of May, 1825, will be a grand combat of a young and vigorous bull. This furious animal, without equal for agility and ferocity, will be attacked vigorously by dogs of the greatest force and first-rate shape, who will relieve one another turn about. *Messieurs* the amateurs, and also the *bourgeois*, will have the liberty of letting loose their dogs against the indomitable animal.

"The bear of Poland, lately arrived at the menagerie of the *Combat du Tau-reau*, and who has never appeared or fought in the arena. This young and vigorous animal will fight for the first time.

"The famous wild boar of the Black Forest will be hunted and pursued by dogs trained to this kind of exercise.

"The wolf of the forest of Ardennes will fight, and be hunted and pursued, in an astonishing manner.

"The combat will be concluded by the raising of the famous bull-dog (in the original Bouldogue) '*Maroquin*,' so well known for the force of his jaw, to more than fifty feet high, in a brilliant firework of a new and very extraordinary nature.

"*Les Fanfares*, sporting airs suitable to this kind of amusement, will be performed turn about.

"Price of admission.—Pit 75c. (7½d.);

Amphitheatre, 1 fr.; Boxes, 2 fr. The office will be opened at two o'clock, and the diversions will commence at five. In case of bad weather the whole place is covered. Bear's grease is sold for the cure of rheumatic pains, freckles, and other complaints. Sieur Gerot sells and buys all sorts of dogs for the protection of country and town houses, cures them of sickness and wounds, and takes them to keep. Tickets once taken, the money will not be returned. Children under seven years of age will only pay half-price. A great battle every Monday."

The delicacy and humanity of all this is quite "refreshing;" and the day on which it was to take place, Sunday, is equally laudable. In another of these bills we find the following assurance, which must be highly satisfactory to *Messieurs* the amateurs—"Nothing shall be neglected to render the combat obstinate."

#### ANSWERS TO THE RIDDLES, &c. IN NO. CLXIV. OF THE MIRROR.

WHEN we inserted the Riddles in No. CLXIV. of the MIRROR from *Friendship's Offering* for the year 1825, we promised the answers on the publication of the volume for 1826, in which it was promised they should appear. A change of plan and editorship has however taken place, and the promise has not been kept. We therefore insert the solutions given by a Correspondent, H. J. G. We must also add, that *Sam Felix* sent a string of answers to twelve of the riddles, &c. which vary very slightly from those we have adopted:—

#### ATTEMPTED SOLUTIONS OF THE RIDDLES, &c. IN NO. CLXIV. OF THE MIRROR.

1. It contains Colonels.
2. It's down in the mouth.
3. A medlar.
4. Not well done.
5. Because the one is governed by Dey (day), the other by Knight (night).
6. Sen.
7. See of Durham.
8. He's cur-led.
9. The one reflects ideas, the other objects.
10. It makes hot shot.
11. It's a landau-let.
12. IX.—SIX.
13. He's a thin-king.
14. They are beyond the C.
15. Some will come after T.
16. A hat.
17. The river Thames, between Battersea and Chelsea.

18. It's settled.
19. He's going to Bag-dad.
20. The tiger.
21. A Dutch-S; march-i-on-S; count-S; Viscount-S.
22. The letter L.

H. J. G.

#### HANDEL.

THIS celebrated composer Handel, had such a remarkable irritation of nerves, that he could not bear to hear the tuning of instruments, and therefore this was always done before he arrived at the theatre. A musical wag, who knew how to extract some mirth from Handel's irascibility of temper, stole into the orchestra, on a night when the Prince of Wales was to be present, and untuned all the instruments. As soon as the Prince arrived, Handel gave the signal of beginning, *con spirito*, but such was the horrible discord, that the enraged musician started up from his seat, and having overturned a double bass which stood in his way, he seized a kettle drum, which he threw with such violence at the leader of the band, that he lost his full-bottomed wig in the effort. Without waiting to replace it, he advanced bare headed to the front of the orchestra, breathing vengeance, but so much choked with passion that utterance was denied him. In this ridiculous attitude he stood staring and stamping for some moments, amidst a convulsion of laughter; nor could he be prevailed upon to resume his seat, until the Prince went in person, and with much difficulty appeased his wrath.

#### ORMSKIRK CHURCH.

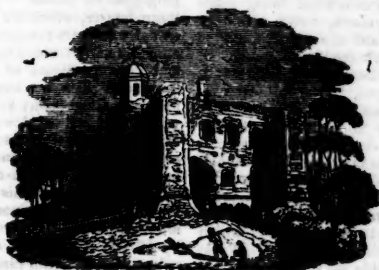
AT Ormskirk, near Liverpool, the church has two steeples, one pointed, the other square. This singular circumstance is thus accounted for:—Two sisters of the name of Orme, resolved to provide the town with a church, but not being able to agree about the form of the steeple (the one wishing it pointed, and the other obtuse), it was at last agreed that each should build one according to her fancy; and consequently it was ornamented with two steeples.

#### NEEDLE-MAKERS.

IT is a curious fact, that this company had their charter, or were incorporated, in 1686, by Cromwell, and were the only company not incorporated by a crowned head.



## Colchester Castle.



On an elevated spot to the north of the High-street, Colchester, in Essex, stands the castle, of which the above engraving is a view. The erection of this fortress is, by Norden, ascribed to Edward the elder, but other writers give it no greater antiquity than the time of William the Conqueror. In its general structure it is Norman, though from the quantity of Roman bricks used in its walls, it is probable that it was raised on the site of a Roman building, and with no small portion of its materials.

Colchester Castle is built in the form of a parallelogram, the east and west sides measuring 140 feet each, and the north and south sides 102 feet each; at the north-east and north-west angles are projecting square towers, at the south side on the west is another square tower, and on the east face a semi-circular tower, the external radius of which is 20 feet. The foundations are 30 feet thick; the lower parts of the wall 12 feet, and the upper part nearly 11 feet thick. The principal entrance is near the south-west tower, beneath a strong semi-circular arch, with three quarter columns, having capitals ornamented in the Norman style; this was anciently defended by a portcullis. On the right within the entrance is a niche, where the guard or porter was stationed; at a little distance beyond is a square room, at the further end of which is a flight of stairs leading to the vaults.

The outer walls of Colchester Castle are nearly perfect, and by their vast thickness and solidity, evince the importance that was attached to this situation at the time of its erection.

Sir Charles Lucas and Sir George Lisle were confined in a strong, dark, and miserable arched room on the ground floor in this castle; their heroic deaths form an affecting narrative in English history.

## Select Biography.

No. XXXV.

## RICHARD SAVAGE.

RICHARD SAVAGE was born January 10, 1697; he was the son of Anne, countess of Macclesfield, by Captain Savage, afterwards Earl of Rivers, and might have been considered as the lawful issue of the Earl of Macclesfield; but his mother, in order to procure a divorce from her husband, made a public confession of her adultery in this instance. As soon as this spurious offspring was brought to light, the countess treated him with every kind of unnatural cruelty, and such as will for ever entail infamy on her memory, resolving that the witness of her shame should not remain in her presence, she committed him to the care of a poor woman at St. Albans, to educate as her son. She prevented the earl of Rivers from making him a bequest in his will of £6,000, by declaring him dead. She endeavoured to send him secretly to the American plantations, and at last to bury him in poverty and obscurity for ever she placed him as an apprentice to a shoemaker in Holborn. About this time his nurse died, and upon his searching her effects, which he imagined to be his right, he discovered the secret of his birth, and the reasons for which it was concealed. He now left his low occupation, and tried every method to awaken the tenderness, and attract the regard of his mother, but all his assiduity was without effect, for he could neither soften her heart, nor open her hand. He was now reduced to the greatest distress, and he was advised by his friends to publish his poems, by subscription, several of which had appeared in some form or other. Preparations were made for this purpose,

and he had treated his mother with great freedom in the preface of the intended volume; this circumstance being made known to the countess, a sum of money was given him, and the preface suppressed, but the work itself was published, and in the dedication to lady Mary Wortley Montague, is the following remarkable sentence:—"Nature seems to have formed my mind as inconsistently as my fortune; she has given me a heart that is as proud as my *father's*, and a rank in life almost as low as the *humanity of my mother*." In 1723, he brought a tragedy on the stage in which he himself performed a part; the subject of which was "Sir Thomas Overbury." While employed upon this work he was without lodging, and often without food; nor had he any other convenience for study than the fields or the street, and when he had formed a speech, he would step into a shop, and beg the use of pen, ink, and paper. The profits of this play amounted to £200, and it procured him the notice and esteem of many persons of distinction, some rays of genius glimmering through all the clouds of poverty and oppression; but when the world was beginning to behold him with a more favourable eye, a misfortune befel him, by which not only his reputation but his life was in danger. In a night ramble he fell into a coffee-house of ill-fame, near Charing-Cross, when a quarrel happened, and one Mr. Sinclair was killed in the fray. Savage, with his companions, were taken into custody, tried for murder, and capitally convicted of the offence. His mother was so inhuman at this critical juncture as to use all means to prejudice the queen against him, and to intercept all the hopes he had of life from the royal mercy; but at last the countess of Hertford, out of compassion, laid a true account of the extraordinary story and sufferings of poor Savage before her majesty and obtained his pardon. After this he was taken into the family of Lord Tyrconnel, and was allowed a pension of £200 a year; he now produced his poem of "The Wanderer," addressed to that nobleman, with the highest strains of panegyric. These praises, however, in a short time he found himself inclined to retract, being discarded by that nobleman on account of his imprudent behaviour. He now thought himself again at liberty to expose the cruelty of his mother, and accordingly published "The Bastard, a poem." This had an extraordinary sale, and its appearance happening at a time when the countess was at Bath, many persons there, in her hearing, took frequent opportunities of repeating passages from it; and

shame obliged her to quit the place. His poverty still increasing, and having no lodgings, he passed the night often in mean houses, which are set open for any casual wanderers; sometimes in cellars, among the riot and filth of the meanest and most profligate of the rabble, and sometimes when he was totally without money, walked about the streets until he was weary, and lay down in the summer upon a bulk, and in the winter, with his associates in poverty, among the ashes of a glass-house. His distress now became publicly known, and his friends proposed that he should retire into Wales, with an allowance of £60 per annum; to be raised by subscription; on which he was to live privately, at a cheap place, and lay aside all his aspiring thoughts. His imprudence, however, threw him into a goal at Bristol, where he expired, 1743, and was buried in the church-yard of St. Peter, at the expense of the goaler.

Thus ended the existence of a man, on whom fickle fortune deigned not to smile, and never allowed him the smallest share of the vast wealth of his unnatural mother. He, like poor Chatterton, is an eminent instance of the uselessness and insignificance of knowledge, wit, and genius, without prudence or a proper regard to the common maxims of life.

G. S.

## The Selector;

OR,

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM  
NEW WORKS.

### REMINISCENCES OF KELLY.

A HOAX.

At the Edinburgh Theatre was a very great favourite, Mr. Wood, who was esteemed an excellent master of elocution, and a very worthy man, but a great oddity. His great ambition was to do every thing that Garrick used to do; he rose at the same hour, shaved, breakfasted, and dined at the same hour; ate and drank whatever he heard was Garrick's taste; in short, nothing could please him more than to copy Garrick implicitly, and to be thought to do so.

I was walking with him one day; and, knowing his weak point, assured him that King had often told me, that when Garrick was to perform any part to which he wished to give all his strength and energy, he used to prevail upon Mrs. Garrick to accompany him to his dressing-room at the theatre, and, for an hour before the play began, rub his head, as hard as she could, with hot napkins, till she produced copious perspiration; and the harder he

was rubbed, and the more he was temporarily annoyed by it, the more animation he felt in acting. This (as I thought it) harmless joke of mine, turned out a matter of serious importance to poor Mrs. Wood; for, a long time afterwards, whenever he had to act, particularly in any new part, he actually made her go to his dressing-room, as I had suggested, and rub away, till *she* was ready to drop with fatigue, and *he* with the annoyance which her exertions produced. The effect of the process upon his performance, however, did not, by any means, keep pace with the labour.

#### SHERIDAN'S INTENTIONAL, OR KELLY'S REAL BULLS.

ONE of Mr. Sheridan's favourite amusements, in his hours of recreation, was that of making blunders for me, and relating them to my friends, vouching for the truth of them with the most perfect gravity. One I remember was, that one night, when Drury-Lane Theatre was crowded to excess in every part, I was peeping through the hole in the stage curtain, and John Kemble, who was standing on the stage near me, asked me how the house looked, and that I replied, "By J—s, you can't stick a pin's head in any part of it—it is literally *chuck* full; but how much fuller will it be to-morrow night, when the King comes!"

Another of Mr. Sheridan's jests against me was, that one day, having walked with him to Kemble's house, in Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, when the streets were very dirty, and having gone up the steps while Mr. Sheridan was scraping the dirt off his shoes, I asked him to scrape for me while I was knocking at the door.

#### THE TWO SHERIDANS

TOM SHERIDAN had a good voice, and true taste for music, which, added to his intellectual qualities and superior accomplishments, caused his society to be sought with the greatest avidity.

The two Sheridans were supping with me one night after the opera, at a period when Tom expected to get into Parliament.

"I think, father," said he, "that many men who are called great patriots in the House of Commons, are great humbugs. For my own part, if I get into Parliament, I will pledge myself to no party, but write upon my forehead, in legible characters, 'To be let.'"

"And under that, Tom," said his father, write 'Unfurnished.'"

Tom took the joke, but was even with him on another occasion.

Mr. Sheridan had a cottage about half a mile from Hounslow Heath. Tom being very short of cash, asked his father to let him have some.

"Money I have none," was the reply.

"Be the consequence what it may, money I must have," said Tom.

"If that be the case, my dear Tom," said the affectionate parent, "you will find a case of loaded pistols up-stairs, and a horse ready saddled in the stable—the night is dark, and you are within half a mile of Hounslow Heath."

"I understand what you mean," said Tom, "but I tried that last night. I unfortunately stopped Peake, your treasurer, who told me that you had been beforehand with him, and had robbed him of every sixpence in the world."

#### SONG BY SHERIDAN.

ONE day, waiting at his house, I saw under the table half a sheet of apparently waste paper; on examining it, I found it was a ballad, in Mr. Sheridan's handwriting; I brought it away with me, and have it now in my possession. On my return home, the words seemed to me beautiful, and I set them to music. It is, of all my songs, my greatest favourite, as the poetry always brings to my mind the mournful recollection of past happy days. It was also a great favourite with Mr. Sheridan, and often has he made me sing it to him. I here insert it:—

No more shall the spring my lost pleasure restore,

Uncheer'd, I still wander alone,

And, sunk in dejection, for ever deplore

The sweets of the days that are gone.

While the sun as it rises, to others shines bright,

I think how it formerly shone;

While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,

And sigh for the days that are gone.

I stray where the dew falls, through moonlight groves,

And list to the nightingale's song;

Her plaints still remind me of long-banish'd joys,

And the sweets of the days that are gone.

Each dew-drop that steals from the dark eye of night,

Is a tear for the bliss that is flown;

While others cull blossoms, I find but a blight,

And sigh for the days that are gone.

#### SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

#### THE JOURNAL OF AN INDOLENT LADY.

I KNOW a young lady who has very pretty pretensions to idleness, but who has no objection to dancing the Hvelong

night, and who would work at a ball-dress fifteen hours at a stretch, rather than not go to the assembly. Of this young lady's life, the following specimen as set down by her mother, may afford some idea, and it proves her to be a real amateur.

Rose at ten. Regretted not being able to lie an hour longer. Lamented the necessity of cleanliness. Dressing a great bore. Dogs in this respect happier than men. Watch-boxes still better.

Breakfasted till eleven. Sauntered for half an hour, and played with the cat. N. B. She scratched both my hands.

Half-past eleven. Sunk in an arm-chair, with a novel, read the same page three times over, and fell asleep. Got up to walk to another chair, and was told I'd a hole in my stocking. I wonder why the maid does not mend them.

Twelve. Played half a lesson on the piano. What can Rossini mean by writing such difficult music?

One o'clock. Took up a needle and thread, and looked out of the window at the cattle feeding for three quarters of an hour. Cows lead happy lives. I wonder why man does not ruminate.

At two. Luncheon.

Three. Forced to walk out. I hate exercise. Was told my petticoat is longer than my gown; but what does that signify?

Half-past four. Very tired and hungry. Played again with the cat. Made Fidelle, the French poodle, fetch a stick three times out of the water. N. B. Fidelle tore my glove to pieces. I wish my brother had been by to take it from him.

Five. Played at scratch-cradle, and then three games of *Trou-madame* till dressing time. Can't think why mamma does not allow me a maid to dress me. N. B. Scolded for throwing my hair-papers about the room. What has the housemaid to do but gather them up. It's monstrous tiresome to be scolded.

Six. Dinner. After coffee sat still doing nothing till bed time. Thought half-past ten would never come. Went to bed very tired. N. B. Doing nothing is extremely troublesome, and I hate it exceedingly.—But then what can one do?

#### LONDON LYRICS.

AN ACTOR'S MEDITATIONS DURING HIS FIRST LONDON SEASON.

How well I remember when old Drury Lane First open'd, a child in the Thespian train,  
I acted a Sprite in a sky-coloured cloak,  
And danced round the coudron which now I invoke.

Speak, Whithes!—an Actor's nativity cast  
How long shall this strange popularity last?  
Ye laugh, jibing beldames!—Ay! laugh well we may!

Popularity?—Moonshine!—attend to our lay:  
'Tis a breath of light air from Frivolity's mouth;  
It blew round the compass east, west, north, and south;

It shifts to all points; in a moment 'twill steal  
From Kemble to Stephens, from Kean to O'Neil.  
The Actor, who tugs half his life at the oar,  
May founder at sea, or be shipwreck'd on shore;  
Grasp firmly the rudder: who trusts to the gale,  
As well in a sieve for Aleppo may sail.

Thanks, provident hags; while my circuit I run,  
'Tis fit I make hay in so fleeting a sun,  
Yon harlequin Public may else shift the scene,  
And Kean may be Kemble, as Kemble was Kean.

Then let me the haven of competence reach,  
And brief—but two lines—be my leave-taking speech.

\* Hope, Fortune, farewell! I am shelter'd from sea;  
Henceforward cheat others;—ye once cheated me.\*

*New Monthly Magazine.*

#### THE CITY OF DAMASCUS.

(Concluded from page 350.)

THE greatest luxuries the city contains are the coffee-houses; many of these are built on the bosom of the river, and supported by piles. The platform of the coffee-house is raised only a few inches above the level of the stream. The roof is supported by slender rows of pillars, and it is quite open on every side; innumerable small seats cover the floor, and you take one of these and place it in the position you like best; the river, the surrounding banks of which are covered with wood, rushes rapidly by close to your feet. Near the coffee-houses are one or two cataracts several feet high, with a few trees growing out of the river beside them; and the perpetual sound of their fall, and the coolness they spread around, are exquisite luxuries in the sultry heat of day. At night, when the lamps suspended from the slender pillars are lighted, and Turks of different ranks in all the varieties of their rich costume cover the platform, just above the surface of the river (on which, as on its foaming waterfalls the moonlight rests, and the sound of music is heard), you fancy that if ever the Arabian Nights' enchantments are to be realised, it is here.

These cool and delightful places were our daily and favourite lounge; they are resorted to at all hours of the day; there are two or three others constructed somewhat variously from the former. A low

gallery divides the platform from the tide, fountains play on the floor, which is furnished with sofas and cushions: music and dancing are always found here. Together with a pipe and coffee, they bring you two or three delicious sherbets, and fruit of some kind is also put into the vase presented you. In the middle of the river that rushed round one of these latter cafés, was a little island covered with verdure and trees, where you might go and sit for hours without once desiring a change of place. The Arabian story-tellers often resort here; their tales are frequently accompanied by a guitar; the most eminent among them are Arabs. There are a few small coffee-houses more select, where the Turkish gentlemen often go, form dinner parties, and spend the day.

There are several charitable establishments in the city, in which provisions are distributed to the poor, and medicines to the sick: one of these is a spacious and magnificent building. The Turkish gentlemen are very fond of riding in their superb plains; towards the east the vast level affords a fine area, and walking is far more practised here than in the capitals of Egypt or Turkey, from the attractions, no doubt, of the promenades around the walls. On the north-west is the fine and lonely mountain of Ashloón, near which passes the road to Palmyra. We had an ardent desire to visit this ruin, but one or two serious obstacles prevented it. The great number of tall palm and cypress trees in the plain of Damascus, add much to its beauty, particularly in the village of Salehiéh, where we spent some hours in the handsome house of a rich man, who allowed it to be hired during the day, for the reception of strangers. The large saloon was a beautiful apartment, opening into a small and delightful garden, through which ran a cool and rapid stream; the windows looked towards the plain and city. Some of the houses, in the abundance of the luxury of water, have small and handsome reservoirs in their gardens, the sides of which are neatly walled and shaded, and into which fountains play.

A good and handsome house can be hired by a traveller at a low rent; and this will be found the most independent and agreeable mode of residence; the great drawback in this, as in most other oriental abodes, is the want of society. In a visit of a few weeks this cannot be felt; but in a protracted stay of years, as there are a few instances of, a man's soul, as well as body, must be orientalized. Yet who can leave the superb climates and scenes of the east, without joining in

the eloquent and just lament of Anastasius, when gazing on them for the last time, as he sailed for Europe, to revisit them no more? Early associations also may contribute to the impassioned and romantic remembrances which an eastern journey never fails to leave behind. The transition from the garden to the wilderness—the shadow and repose of the tent in a cheerless and burning plain—the desert fountain and palm—the kind welcome in the wild, and the devotions of its people, offered up in the stillness of its scenery—these are the living and vivid pictures which delighted our early imaginations, and the only ones nature presented to the first ages of mankind, and to the patriarchs and prophets who were the favourites of Heaven.

The appearance of the Arabs who enter the city is picturesque. We one day met a procession of chiefs, who had come from the deserts on a visit of ceremony to the Pacha. They were well mounted, and were mostly slender men, with expressive features and piercing black eyes. Their cloaks were of cotton, with various coloured stripes, and they wore light yellow turbans; they seemed out of place, and looked as if they would much rather be making a dash at the city, than paying a visit of ceremony.

The women are frequently seen walking in the bazaars; they universally wear a white cloak, covering also the upper part of the head like a hood, and shoes and slippers; the latter, as is the custom of the men, are worn within the former, which are always left at the door of the apartment. They often appear out in small boots of yellow leather, and do not in the streets seem quite such hideous figures as in Stamboul and Cairo. The tunic, or short vest, is often richly embroidered; in winter it is of cloth, with an edging, even at the wrists, of white fur; the pantaloons invariably worn, is of silk, and fancifully adorned or spangled, and fastened by a sash round the loins; over these is worn the robe. The blue eye is unknown among the Turkish ladies, and a few of their jet-black locks are generally suffered to fall beneath the turban. Their hands are beautifully small and white, and adorned with rings, and bracelets also on the wrists. No support to the bosom is ever used. The dress altogether, although it hides much of the symmetry and beauty of the figure, gives it a grand and imposing air, particularly the elegant cashmere turban, of which European ladies, if they possess it, spoil the effect by not knowing how to put it on.—*Ibid.*

### ANECDOTES OF EARL CHATHAM AND MR. PITT.

WHEN Mr. Pitt was a youth, some law lord (could it be Lord Mansfield?) one morning paid a visit to Lord Chatham at his country residence. Whilst they were conversing, his son William came through the library. Lord — asked who is that youth? Lord Chatham said, "That's my second son—call him back and talk to him." They did so, and Lord — was struck by a forwardness of knowledge, a readiness of expression, and an unyieldingness of opinion, which even then was remarkable in the future minister. When he had left them, Lord Chatham said, "That's the most extraordinary youth I ever knew. All my life I have been aiming at the possession of political power, and have found the greatest difficulty in getting or keeping it. It is not on the cards of fortune to prevent that young man's gaining it, and if ever he does so, he will be the ruin of his country."—

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

### ANECDOTES OF DR. PARR.

DR. PARR said Dr. Johnson was an admirable scholar, and that he would have had a high reputation for mere learning, if his reputation for intellect and eloquence had not overshadowed it; the classical scholar was forgotten in the great original contributor to the literature of his country. One of the company reminded him of his first interview with Dr. Johnson, as related by Mr. Langton in Boswell's account of his life. After the interview was over, Dr. Johnson said, I do not know when I have had an occasion of such free controversy; it is remarkable how much of a man's life may pass without meeting with any instance of this kind of open discussion."

To this remark Dr. Parr replied with great vehemence, "I remember the interview well; I gave him no quarter. The subject of our dispute was the liberty of the press. Dr. Johnson was very great; whilst he was arguing, I observed that he stamped. Upon this I stamped. Dr. Johnson said, 'Why did you stamp, Dr. Parr?' I replied, Sir, because you stamped; and I was resolved not to give you the advantage even of a stamp in the argument." It is impossible to do justice to his description of this scene; the vehemence, the characteristic pomposity with which it was accompanied, may easily be imagined by those who knew him, but cannot be adequately represented to those who did not.

In the party there was Dr. —, an Arrian minister, and Mr. —, a Socinian minister, with these gentlemen he appeared on terms of intimacy and regard; and as the evening advanced, and he became excited with wine (I do not mean indecorously excited), he invited them to drink a parting glass with him, and went round to the other side of the table to touch glasses sociably, first above, then below, and then side to side, or, as he called it, hob-a-nob—it was a parting glass, for they never met again. Seeing that he was on such friendly terms with these gentlemen, I said to him, I suppose, Sir, that although they are heretics, you think it is possible they may be saved? "Yes, Sir," said he, adding with affected vehemence, "but they must be scorched first." We talked of economy: he thought that a man's happiness was secure, in proportion to the small number of his wants, and said, that all his lifetime it had been his object to prevent the multiplication of them in himself. Some one said to him, "Then, Sir, your secret of happiness is to cut down your wants." Parr—"No, Sir, my secret is, not to let them grow."

Some one had said in his presence that Mrs. Barbauld, in the Essays which she published conjointly with Dr. Aikin, had written an excellent imitation of the style of Dr. Johnson. Parr—"She imitate Dr. Johnson! Sir, she has the nodosity of the oak, without its strength—the noise of the thunder, without its bolt—the contortions of the sibyl without her inspiration." It is curious that when the imitators of his style were mentioned before Dr. Johnson, he himself said that the only person who had succeeded was Miss Aikin, for she had imitated not only the cadence of his sentences, but the cast of his thoughts.—*Ibid.*

### The Topographer.

No. XVII.

THE hamlet of Battle Bridge, situated in the parish of St. Mary, Islington, is supposed to derive its name from its contiguity to the spot where the celebrated battle was fought between the Roman general Suetonius Paulinus and the injured queen Boadicea, A.D. 61; and there are circumstances that seem to make in favour of the opinion. Here was formerly a small bridge over the river Fleet; but the highway is now carried over an extensive archway, which covers the stream to a considerable distance. The operations of the Roman general, in his arduous contest with that unfortunate



princes, were, it is most probable, confined to the northern vicinity of London. Tacitus, who had the most authentic information, states, that after Suetonius had abandoned London, as untenable by the small army under his command, he determined on hazarding a battle. No situation in the neighbourhood of the capital could afford a more advantageous position than in the high ground in the vicinity of Islington, both in regard to security, and as a post of observation for an army apprehensive of immediate attack by an immense superiority of force.

The opinion that the scene of the dreadful conflict was not far distant from this spot, is strengthened by the remains of an encampment which may yet be seen in the immediate neighbourhood. In a field a little to the N.W. of Islington Workhouse, a camp, evidently Roman, and supposed to be that occupied by Paulinus, previous to his engagement with the Britons, may be traced; and by the circumstance of the skeleton of an elephant having been in a field at Battle Bridge.

At No. 17, Weston-place, opposite the Small-pox Hospital, resided the notorious female impostor Johannah Southcott.

It is recorded by Stowe, that "in the reign of Edward IV. a millar of Battaile Bridge was set on the pillorie at the Cheape, for seditious wordes spoken by him against the Duke of Somerset."

J. H.

**KIRK-MICHAEL**, Isle of Man, is an extensive village, pleasantly situated near the sea. Near the entrance to the churchyard is a lofty square pillar of blue stone, with an inscription in Runic characters, which both Mr. Beauford and Sir John Prestwich, bart., have attempted to decipher; but their explanations furnish a singular specimen of the uncertainty which attends the translation of ancient inscriptions. Mr. Beauford reads it as follows: "*For the sins of Ivalfr, the son of Durval, this cross was erected by his mother Afride.*"—By Sir John Prestwich, bart. it was translated thus: "*Waltar, a son of Thurulf, a knight right valiant, lord of Fritlu, the father, Jesus Christ.*"

Within the churchyard is another Runic inscription, on a square stone pillar; and also a tomb to the memory of the benevolent Dr. Thomas Wilson, bishop of Sodor and Man; who, after a life passed in acts of exemplary philanthropy and piety, was buried in this cemetery, in March, 1755. He was born in 1663, at Burton, a small village near Great Neston, in Cheshire.—Several tumuli, and other vestiges of ancient manners, are remaining in this

parish: the *cairn-vial* is composed of small stones heaped together.

## Useful Domestic Hints.

### EASY METHODS OF ANALYZING FLOUR.

TAKE a tea-spoonful of flour, putting it into a wine-glass, which fill up with clean water, stirring it up well; allow it to stand for half an hour, then decant the milky fluid off the top, which consists of starch in a state of solution. To the remainder add a tea-spoonful of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol), which, if it is pure, will dissolve the whole of it. Allow it to remain for ten minutes, then fill the glass again with water, when the burnt bones, plaster of Paris, or chalk, will be easily discovered at the bottom. Should the adulteration consist of chalk, a violent effervescence will ensue upon the addition of the acid. Or, take a small quantity of the suspected flour, put it in an iron spoon, pass the flame of a candle with a blow-pipe upon it. Should it be pure it will burn black; but if it contains any of the above-mentioned ingredients, the white particles will immediately be visible.

### SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.

A FOREIGN journal recommends rice as a wholesome and economical substitute for coffee, and gives the following directions for preparing it:—It is first to be well cleaned, and boiled till it becomes soft, care being taken that it does not burst, and then put to dry in the sun, or in an oven, and afterwards burnt and ground like coffee. To use it, take as much water as it is wished to have cups of coffee, and boil and strain it, adding a third of real coffee, and the whole will resemble pure coffee from the Indies, and will not require so much sugar as the common sort.

### BLACKBERRY JAM.

THIS conserve is the greatest, the most innocent, and certainly the least expensive treat that can be provided for children; and (with the exception of treacle) is the aliment of all others useful in regulating the bowels. The generality of jams and jellies are made with white sugar, and the proportions are weight for weight with fruit: hence the obvious objections to their frequent use among children are the constipating nature of the loaf sugar, and the enormous quantity that must be eaten of it before a sufficient bulk of the preserve can be obtained. The indispositions to which young persons are liable,

probably proceed from the acid formed in the stomach from their indulgence in sweet things. The cheapness of this delicate jam is astonishing; at the expense of 9d. or 10d. they might provide their little families with 3lbs. of a wholesome luxury. To make it, add to every pound of the berries half a pound of the coarsest moist sugar, and boil it rather more than three quarters of an hour, keeping it stirred from the commencement.

#### PLANTING TREES.

THE best month for planting trees is November; observing the old saying of a celebrated gardener, "Take them with their old leaves to their new graves."—Just as the sap begins to go down and the leaves to turn, there can be no better time for planting all sorts of fruit and other deciduous trees; but with respect to ornamental shrubs, and more particularly evergreens, early planting is of the greatest consequence. When the weather is open, fruit trees and forest trees may be planted from the beginning of October to the end of February; but those that are planted before Christmas will do the best, especially if the following summer should be very hot and dry. But evergreens must be planted early, so that October is a better month for them than November, that the soil may get settled about the roots before the frosts come, and that the trees may have at least some hold of the ground before they have to encounter the heat of the sun and the cold east winds of March, the most trying month they have to stand against. It is folly to ask a gardener whether it is a good time to plant, if he is standing in the market with trees to sell. Persons who have done so, and, at their recommendation, planted evergreens in February and March, found that they almost all died; while to the gardener, who was paid for his trees, it was no loss at all; but, on the contrary, he had to supply others at Michaelmas. "In the borders of my pleasure-garden," says a practical gardener, "I have no shrubs but evergreens; and the more I view them in the winter, the more I rejoice that I planted no others. Always green and cheerful in the gloomy months of winter, they give a beauty to my garden which it otherwise would not possess. The Portugal and the common laurel, the broad-leaved phillear, the red cedar, and evergreen oak—these, as they grow to some considerable height, may (with here and there a yew) be planted in the back ground, and form a rich variety; while these—the Grecian and Siberian arbor vitae, the juniper, the arbutus, the cyprus, the silver holly, the

laurestina, &c. should be planted in the fore ground—especially the laurestina, which is handsome in its growth, as well as beautiful in its flower. As it is rather a tender shrub, it is better to buy them in pots, and then turn them out carefully, and plant them in a sheltered and warm situation, with the soil adhering to the roots. But no evergreens should be planted too thickly, as they do not like the knife, and few persons have resolution enough to remove a tree before it has materially injured, and perhaps spoiled the growth of its neighbour. Where the soil is good, and the situation open, evergreens, planted in October, will make some very vigorous shoots the second spring, and will fill up the ground they are intended to occupy with astonishing rapidity.—In situations where it may be desirable to plant a few firs, I would by all means recommend the Scotch. It looks coarser and less inviting to the eye than other firs (while it is young), but it is a tree which improves every year of its growth, losing that stiffness and formality which are the characteristics of firs in general, and becoming richly shaded in its bark."

#### The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Notton.*

#### CURIOUS NOTICE.

THE following is a literal copy of a notice left at the door of a cobbler, who had removed from a house in St. George's Fields:—

"*Envy Bodey* as wants Mr. *Loveridge* may find him at No. 8, New-street, *Facon hoblis*." Anglice, facing the Obelisk.

#### EPITAPH

In Kingston Church-yard, Hanb.

LIVE/well—Die never,  
Die well—Live for ever.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

COMMUNICATIONS from P. T. W., *Mias T.*—*P. B.*—*g.*, *Leaves from a Journal*, No. V. and the conclusion of the *History of Horse-Racing*, in our next.

The following are intended for early insertion: On the Colours used in Painting, X., J. N.—*Johannes L.—dt*, *Aches and Pains*, C. M. T.'s Impromptu: the communication of C. F. E.

The Drawing so kindly sent us by S. J. A. is in the hands of the Engraver.

We shall insert *Pasche's* rejoinder on the Colouring of Rum, and then we wish the discussion to terminate.

Erratum in our last, p. 339, col. 2, line 17.—for "dietical," read "dietical."

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